



THE DAILY
& MORRISON SIS.

Morning Oregonian.

VOL. XXVIII

THE G. P. HOTALING CO.

Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7 North First St., Portland Or.,
Importers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers.

SOLE AGENTS

— Distler Wiskies

Pommary See Champagne,
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J. SHINDLER & CO.
BEDROOM & PARLOR SUITES,
FOLDING BEDS (all styles),
SCHOOL DESKS, ODD CHAIRS,
CHEFFONIERS, SIDE BOARDS,
BEST ASSORTMENT IN PORTLAND.

SALE ROOM—166 First, through block 200 feet to
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AGENCY TYPE

— TOP A DODGE CO. S.

Hercules, Champion and Black Blasting

Powders, Caps and Fuse.

J. F. ARTHUR, Agent, 25 Pine St., Portland.

— VALISES & SATCHELS

Manufactured at our Factory, 106 of Morrison St.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

Ready to Order and Repaired.

R. ABRAHAM & CO., 147 Front, op. Esmond.

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THE BEAUTIFUL BATHER.

Now into the water.
Both fashion's daughter.
Each morning slumps in her vanity dress,
With a half hour's swimming;
Once she is a vision of loveliness.

With a little wriggling
And a dash of giggling
She ventures out into the world;
Then the growing belief,
She's soon behold her,
Like a dolphin dive in the depths below.

Let the Admirals,
Or the Divers.
When up from the waves of the sea she rose,
A moment after,
With a look of laughter,
When ends be swimming.

With pleasure brimming,
The strand she reaches and wings her hair
Over the water's edge;
To the mind recalling
The mermaids fair.

Let rivers hate her,
Let birds abhor her;
To the fable of the fruit,
What half so sweet,
A shapely girl in a bathing suit.

—Boston Courier.

"OUR WIFE."

How She Unwittingly Drives Her Husband
to Distraction.

BY ARTHUR E. LUCAS.

Frank Symonds threw the paper he had been scissoring upon the floor, pasted several clippings upon sheets of white paper, struck out a word here, added or substituted one there, wrote a few head-lines, stuck the prepared "copy" upon a hook, fished an unfortunate fly out of the inkstand and laid it tenderly on the window sill to dry, filled his pipe, lit it and leaned back in his rickety but comfortable armchair with an expression of supreme contentment upon his face.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Frank did the things above enumerated as an attack of a newspaper office; it only remains to be said that the newspaper was the *Weekly Advocate*, and that he was its sole proprietor. Where it was published is immaterial.

After sitting a few moments dreamily putting away, he opened a drawer, took from it a large egg, measured it carefully by the aid of a string and a two-foot rule, laid it away again and wrote:

"Our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Ebenezer Stotts, Esq., lie on our table the other day an egg that measured four and three-quarter inches in length and eight inches in circumference. Mr. Stotts has the best eggs south of the Puddelkell in Shadyside."

Having completed this duty, Frank resumed his pipe and his thoughts.

A little bird fluttered down upon the windowsill, gobbled up the fly which he had just before resented, chirped merrily and flew away again. Through the open window stole a gentle breeze, freighted with the fragrance of the woods and the fields, with the murmur of the brook that flowed by just a little way off, and with the voices of sturdy farmers who were urging their horses to greater efforts by the use of the yeoman's language, in the distinct mother tongue.

Frank smiled. This far had he been to him what the vulgar would call a "son snap." Having shown great virtue in the selection of a tolerably affluent father, he had secured a liberal education without much effort, and when he had finished his course of study and decided that he would become a journalist with a big J, his father had bought the *Advocate* for him and told him to go ahead and edit.

He had done so, and with such success that his first birthright justified in taking him, he had won in the person of a young woman who had just emerged from the "sweet girl graduate" state of existence, and rejoiced in the name of Miss Buryingone, the 1st section of which was now naturally merged in the less historic name of Symonds.

There were several reasons for the *Advocate's* success. The principal one was perhaps that the county in which it was published was by a large majority of the same political faith as the *Advocate*, possibly because the political talk of the latter had been cleverly adjusted to harmonize with that of the county.

While Frank was yet indulging in his reveries, surrounded by a cloud of smoke from the universal solace of all smokers, he wended with grecian thoughts for the benefit of the multitude—his pipe—the door was pushed open and the solitary messenger boy who made himself generally useful at the depot, sauntered in and handed him a dispatch. He took it with the dignified air that becomes a man who feels that he is one of the few persons in the whole town who frequently receive so important a communication as a telegraphic message.

The boy shuffled out again, and Frank opened the envelope. He read this:

"Come at once to B—. Must see you on important business, and can remain here'till day. J. B. DODDS."

J. C. Dodds was chairman of the state committee of the party to which the *Advocate* owed allegiance, and of course his summons must be obeyed.

"I have said I'll fix it," mused Frank, who had cultivated the habit of communicating with himself in solitude; "I must go at once, and all the copy for the editorial page has to be got out yet. I can't let it go till I get back and I can't do it before I go, so what shall I do?"

It was Tuesday afternoon. He could not get back from B— until Thursday morning, and on Thursday the paper had to go to press. His assistant was off on a vacation and too far away to be accessible to a hasty summons. It wouldn't do to delay the paper, and Frank was at his wits' end.

"I'll have to see some one to tell them what they were candidates," inquired Frank, who had been doing this afternoon? Oh, yes, I'm cutting things out of other papers and pasting them on sheets of paper; it's very laborious this editing, isn't it? Why don't you write something yourself sometimes?"

Frank made his exit by the back door and sauntered to his home like one who has been stealing sheep. He doubted whether he would ever be able to hold up his head in the community again.

His wife met him in the doce step, ready to scold him.

"Smoke the cigarette! How dare you suggest such a thing?" This with an affection of anger, as she playfully tapped him on the head with a number of the *Congressional Record* from which the wrapper had not been removed.

"Well, what have you been doing this afternoon? Oh, yes, I'm cutting things out of other papers and pasting them on sheets of paper; it's very laborious this editing, isn't it? Why don't you write something yourself sometimes?"

Frank made his exit by the back door and sauntered to his home like one who has been stealing sheep. He doubted whether he would ever be able to hold up his head in the community again.

His wife met him in the doce step, ready to scold him.

"I'm glad you're home again," she exclaimed, as she unbuttoned a lace where it would do the most good. "I had a lovely time editing the paper, and it is al-

most entirely overwhelmed me."

"I'm, too," he continued, "it is harder work than you think. I've waded through a pile of exchanges and selected matter judiciously; it requires much judgment and a quick eye to catch that which is most suitable."

"Indeed! Why, I almost think I could do that myself," responded Frank.

"Do you really?" asked Frank, who was quickly editing the paper, and it is al-

most entirely overwhelmed me."

"Well, my dear, suppose you try!"

"Now, you are asking; or what do you mean?"

Frank briefly explained to her the difficulty, and her eyes grew brighter as she listened.

"Why, that would please me very much.

I think it would be just lovely to edit a paper once; I am sure I could do it; why don't you tell me about it at once?" she exclaimed as she clasped her hands gleefully.

"Well, the matter for the first and fourth pages is the *Advocate* until the paper looks as though it had been edited; probably there will be enough personal and small items brought in to make up what is wanting; those you will have to revise carefully for mistakes in grammar and spelling. What you will have to do mainly is to get up copy to fill four columns on the second page. You might take the New York papers to-morrow morning and clip enough editorial to fill two columns, and then an article with a headline and the rest that may say anything relating to politics and the campaign will do. The other two columns you can fill with general news and miscellany."

"But didn't you know that you had to clip from papers of the same political faith as the *Advocate*?"

"I didn't; why, you never said anything about it. You told me to cut political articles out, and that is just what I did; and I think you are just as mean as you can be to hold your wife for doing just as you told her. I'll never edit for you again, so there!"

Frank sighed, but said no more. He had made a mistake, and all that was left for him to do was to counteract the effects as far as possible. All that afternoon and several days thereafter he spent in explaining to his constituents how it all happened. The last issue of the *Advocate* contained the following double-page, at the top of the editorial column:

"We have an apology to our many readers who have no doubt wondered at the remarkable variance among some of the editorial utterances in our last issue. The reason is that we were suddenly called out of town and left our wife in charge during our absence. Our wife, it appears, is not so well posted in politics as we suppose; and when she took in from other sources, she did not give us the necessary catechism of the *Advocate* will to come here, the local Nester of American ships, and Capt. Snow, who tells us of the arrival of the *Whale Islander*, and Capt. Miller and together congratulated and crowed over the trip for a week. Such a voyage is as good as two weeks' liquor bill to the fortunate captain and to the wife frontnews gatherer. And yet what is such a voyage to the *Advocate*? It is the Flying Cloud and the *Young America*."

There are five ships bound hither from Baltimore and one ship to drag antracite. These vessels will register \$10,000.

20th.—J. W. JOHNSON, President.

21st.—J. W. JOHNSON, President.

22nd.—J. W. JOHNSON, President.

23rd.—J. W. JOHNSON, President.

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EDUCATIONAL
SCHOOL OF OREGON.
School Department.

will commence October 3, 1882.
and will enter with matriculation of 1,000
Dr. S. E. JONES, President
135 First street, Portland, Oregon.

SCHOOL OF OREGON.
School--Fifth Year.

will be on the 10th of October. Appu-

Richard H. Thompson,

Attorney at Law,

72 Morrison st., Portland.

GENE CITY.

genes from every country in the state.

Classical, Scientific, Literary and

Course in which there is no Latin.

The English is present.

or other information, address

W. JOHNSON, President.

KINDERGARTEN
PRIMARY SCHOOL

Sept. 1, 1882. At the Washington
Primary School, 202½ 1st and

W. B. Pease, Principal.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL

time and place. A few mu-

to be given free scholarships. Is in

the building.

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Teaching, Arithmetic, Pen-

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THE FAVORITE WAS BEATEN

Miss Flaherty, Sold in the Field, Wins the Trot in Three Straight Heats.

Miss Wins the Handicap to 1/16 3-4, Ida Glenn Second; John Hall Third—Maud Knox Takes Second Weary in the Trot.

Another large concourse of people gathered at City View park yesterday and watched two great races. The time made in the three-quarters mile dash was a quarter of a second only behind the best record of the circuit, which was made at Liberty in 17. The time made by Miss Flaherty in the second heat of the trot is estimated by turf men as equal to 2:25 upon the best California tracks, the allowance being based upon the softness of the ground and the awkward turns at City View.

The result of the running race was not unexpected, but the trot was a surprise to all. No one upon the track had information which warranted the belief that Flaherty could win, and the man who handled her had not enough confidence in his horse to back him in any public or private wager that can be made. Of the few of the traineys played him in the materials for the first heat, but forsook him for Harvest in the second, and Maud Knox in the third. The race was almost a purest overtime for the instant, and outside, took the bulk of the money, hundred-dollar pools casting them about 37.

Flaherty is a very steady worker, and may be expected to make her record race, which was won in her first year of life, have never betrayed her speed and staying qualities. She was worked some last season and developed under favorable circumstances. She was beaten at the McMinville July meeting this year by Fred Hamblen.

A prime cause of the hopes that hung upon Oneco was his work last week on the Salmon, when he lost some two seconds in the race with City View, and when his three records of 2:30, 2:29 1/2, 2:29 1/4. Added to this was the memory of his victory over Bode's S here three years ago and general confidence in his owner.

Beneath \$200,000 and \$200,000 changed hands on the day's events.

THE RACING RACE.

Handicap, \$100, \$50, \$30; three-fourths of a mile.

W. A. Babbs, ch. m. Bogus, sired by Ophie, dam by Lulu, 102 lbs. 1st. Mrs. Flett 2

Daughter of Bide, dam by W. H. Flett 2

Whitemore Bros. ch. m. Laura D. 4, by Glen

W. H. Flett, dam by Bide, 104 lbs. Lewington 4

Daughter of Bide, dam by Flett 2

Duffy, dam by Mount Cristo, 103 lbs. 5

John Hall 5

Time, 1:16 3-4.

The Betting—Auction pools: Bogus 20

Laura D. 4, Lady Duffy 2, Flett 5. Mutuals

paid off 33.

The dog fall at the first start.

John Hall getting the best of the start, closely followed in order named by Bogus, Laura D., Lady Duffy, with Ida Glenn a yard behind. Ida soon consigned Duffy to the place which she did not leave. John Hall, who had been in the lead, was overtaken, and by this time Ida Glenn, who had in the race had overhauled Laura D., and on the turn, a spirited spurt down the home stretch, finished a splendid second, John Hall a good third.

THE TROT.

Three in five: 2:30 class, \$50, \$30, \$20.

Daughter of Bide, dam by W. H. Flett 2

Whitemore Bros. ch. m. Maud Knox 7, by

Whitmore Bros. 2

Daughter of Bide, dam by W. H. Flett 2

Whitemore Bros. ch. m. Laura D. 4, by Glen

W. H. Flett, dam by Bide, 104 lbs. Lewington 4

Daughter of Bide, dam by Flett 2

Duffy, dam by Mount Cristo, 103 lbs. 5

Time, 2:26 2-3, 2:26 1/2.

The Betting—Auction pools: Oneco 45, Har-

vest 35, Maud Knox 36, Flett 32. Mutuals

paid off 60.

T. H. Tongue, the trotter, did not start,

owing to lameness. Dick Flaherty drew the

cols, then Harvest, Maud Knox, Olander,

Oneco. Several scurries finally sent Olander

back, then Harvest, then Maud Knox, then

Harvest third, Dick Flaherty fourth.

The turn gave Flaherty the lead and the quarter pole in

3 1/4 followed by Oneco. The half way

was taken by Harvest, then Maud Knox, when

Flaherty had relinquished third place. The turn passed Oneco and finished second; time

the three-quarters, 1:53.

Second Heat—Auction pools: Oneco 25,

Harvest 25, Maud Knox 26, Flett 24. Mu-

tuals paid off 31.

Oneco had been breaking delayed the scoring,

and sent him off behind, Dick Flaherty in

the lead, followed closely by Harvester

and Olander. The fourth, Maud Knox,

and quickly dispensed with the others.

The start was to be changed to-day, as

some faint was found with one of them.

The sprinkler of the White House road has

been hired to sprinkle the track, and the trail leading to the boat.

The rains in to-day's half mile dash,

about 1000 yards, are all thoroughbreds.

If blood will run, a fast, two-year record

should be made.

It was generally remarked that if Maud

Knox had not broken on the first turn of

the last heat, she would probably have

been the first.

The result of the race was a dead heat,

between the three finely bred horses,

John Hamblen, Von Tromp and Temple.

They all set well and the free-and-easy

and two-year-old trotting horses are

now the best.

The people are now the best.

John Hamblen, the first, is the best.

The second, Von Tromp and the third, Temple.

John Hamblen, the first, is the best.

The second, Von Tromp and the third, Temple.

John Hamblen, the first, is the best.

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The second, Von Tromp and the third, Temple.

John Hamblen, the first, is the best.

The second, Von Tromp and the third, Temple.

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